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THE SKETCH,
JUNE 7, 1950

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The Sketch

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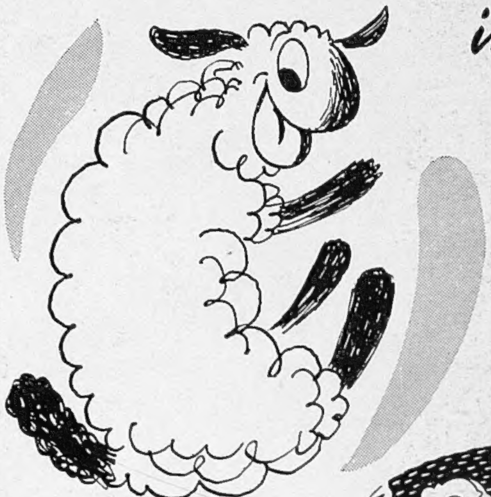

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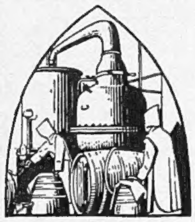

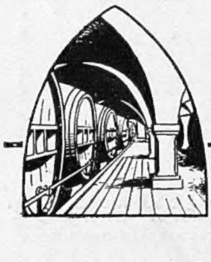

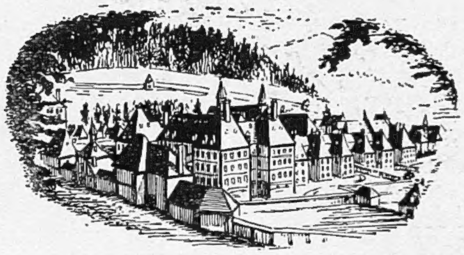

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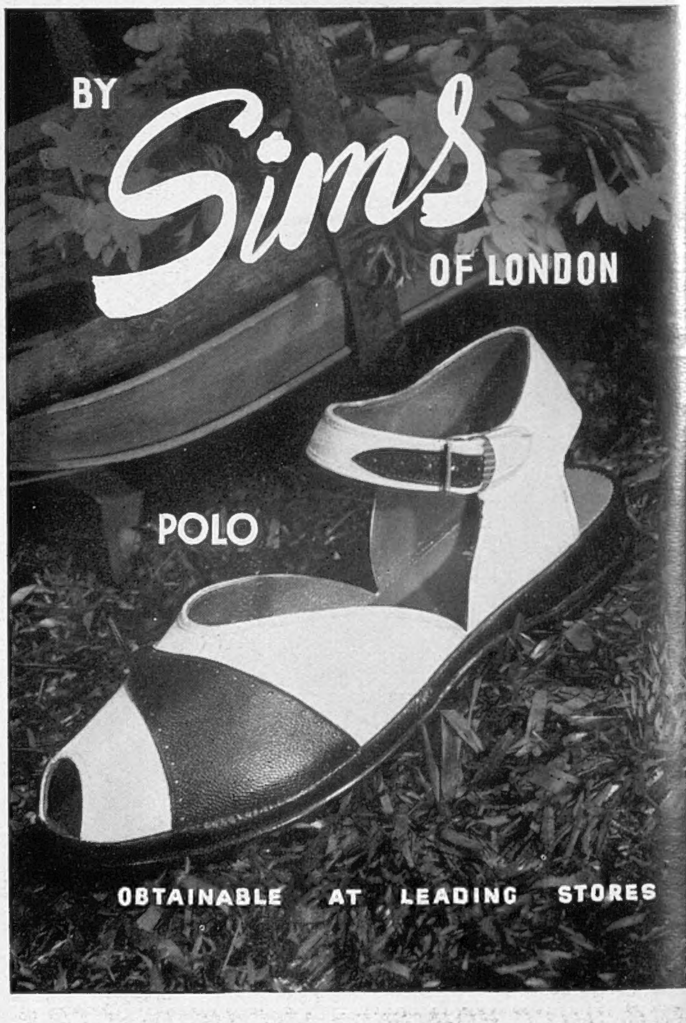

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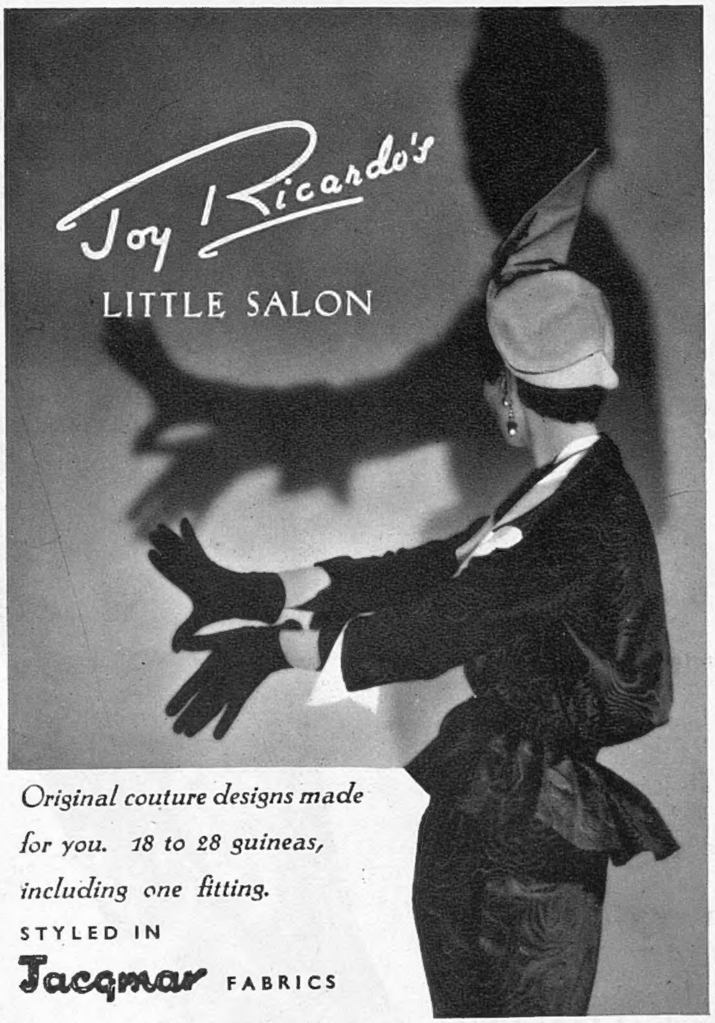

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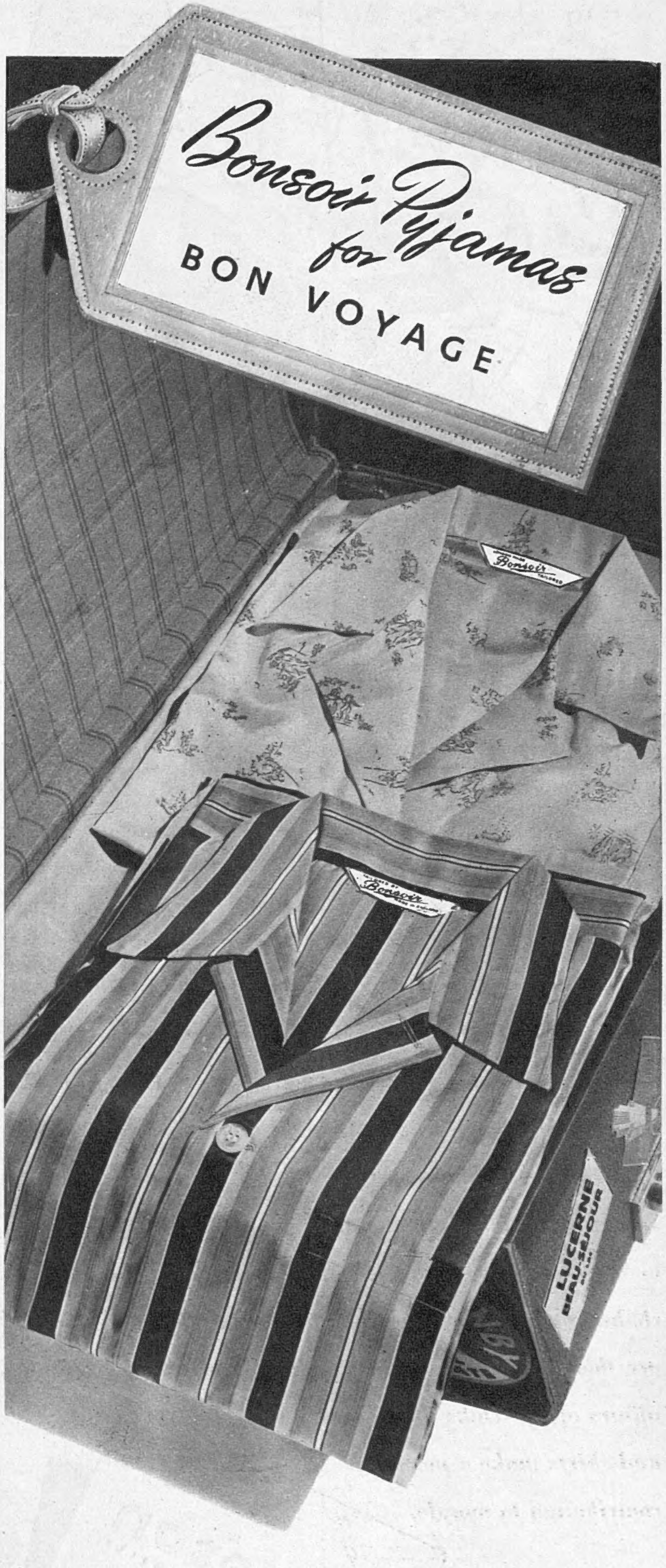

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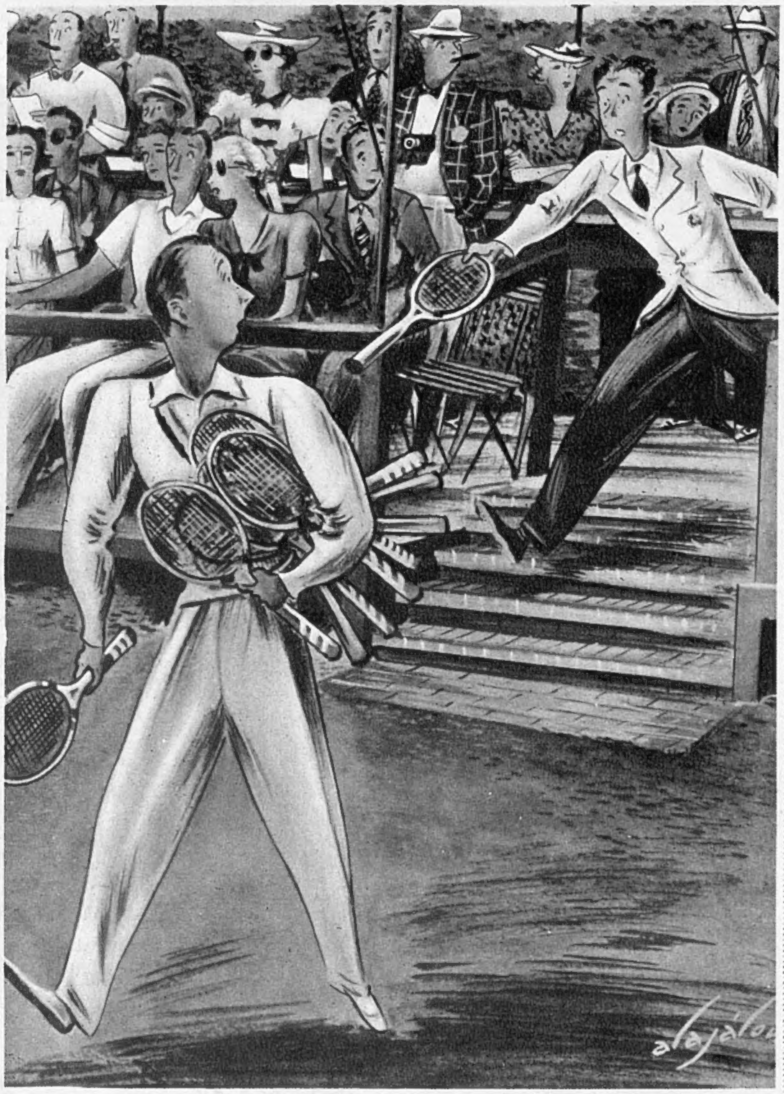

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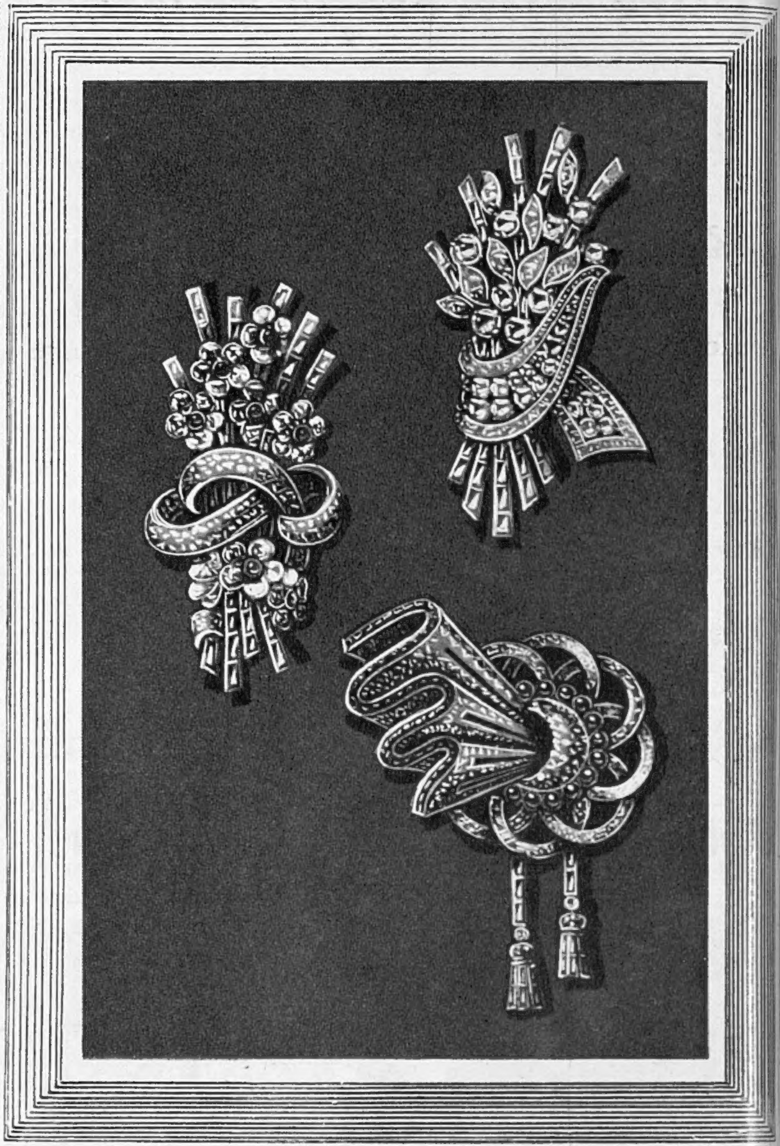

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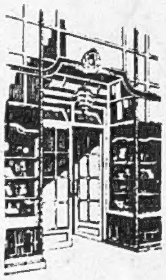

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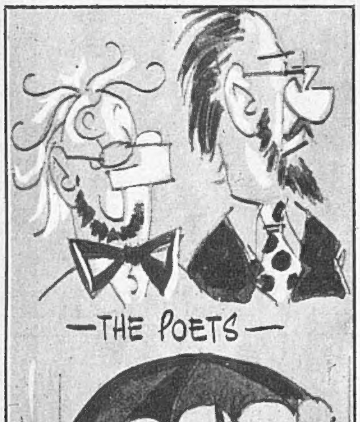
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1950

"CAROUSEL'S" LEADING LADY

IVA WITHERS plays Julie Jordan in the Broadway musical *Carousel*, opening to-night, June 7, at Drury Lane. Born of the Hammerstein—Rodgers partnership, it is set in the period 1873-1888 ; has an Anglo-American cast of round about a hundred ; many fairground scenes ; and a ballet arranged by Agnes de Mille. [Photographed by ROMAINE.]

Stepping into her eighty-third year—Queen Mary at the Chelsea Flower Show three days before her birthday. We wish her many more happy and colourful visits to this Show in the years to come.



Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

I SUPPOSE there is magic in the very thought of June, but after the ill-tempered behaviour of May I do not propose to strum my blooming lyre. Oddly enough, the poets have never made much of this month, probably because there are so few words that rhyme with it. When you have used up moon and tune and croon, what have you ? Don't tell me.

It is true that Robert Browning wrote : " June's twice June since she breathed it with me," but I've forgotten who the " she " was and someone has borrowed my Browning. Of course, there is that famous line, " What so rare as a day in June ? " but there is a strong suspicion that Lowell was at the seaside and meant, " What so raw as a day in June ? "

The worst poem ever written about the wedding month is anonymously dedicated, which was decent of the author, George MacDonald :

The roses make the world so sweet,
The bees, the birds have such a tune.
There's such a light and such a heat,
And such a day in June.

It's terrible, quite, quite, quite terrible.

However, Wimbledon has a habit of bringing sunshine to our beleaguered Islands even if it does not always bring sunshine to our hearts. I hope that some of these days Wimbledon will adopt the rule enforced in most other countries, where there is an interval of ten or twenty minutes after the third set. This would do away with that dreary spectacle of a player in the lead deliberately throwing away a set in order to conserve his strength. That is not allowed in boxing, and the crowds would soon kick up a row if it were attempted at Soccer.

Another reform that is overdue is to stop players lying on the grass after they have missed a ball. Admittedly our welcome American guests are the worst offenders, which brings me smoothly and automatically to the strange psychology of Americans when applied to games.

WHEN I was in Vancouver last September I watched the final of the Women's Canadian Golf Championship at the beautiful Capalana course. Naturally the two finalists were American ladies, one of them being Miss Grace

Lencyk. Opposed to her was a young lady who was, I think, Champion of California. When the Californian reached the green and had a putt of, say, 9 yards, she would walk to the far end of the green, go down on one knee and study the line for five minutes or longer. Then she would walk to the other end of the green and repeat the process. After that she would take a point half-way between the ball and the back of the green and renew her study on both sides. Then she would take about eight trial putts beside the ball. Finally she putted. All this time poor Grace Lencyk had to stand and wait.

The afternoon round on a comparatively short course took four hours and a half. I was so tired standing that I felt 100 years old. We were all delighted that Grace Lencyk won from her plucky but aggravating opponent.

But now what are we to say about Grace? Last month she came to England to compete in the British Women's Golf Championship. But in the fourth round Grace played so slowly that the couple ahead were three clear holes in front, and the competitors behind were waiting helplessly to hit their next shot. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, which is normally restrained in comment, declared that the slowness of Miss Lencyk's game created consternation. Grace will understand, therefore, that it was not merely British patriotism that made us glad she was beaten.

The Americans, of course, are perfectionists at games, and they prefer winning rather than just giving their opponents a good game. No one can take exception to that, but there is a growing disregard for time and action which is strangely out of keeping with their normal vibrant and restless natures. An ordinary golfing four-ball in the U.S.A. ceases to have any relation to time and encroaches upon eternity. Two rounds in one day would not only be unthinkable but impossible in an ordinary summer average of daylight.

And now our cousins have managed to carry this craze for slowness into the realm of cards. Canasta is the roaring favourite of the card players over there, and you are less than the dust if you do not play it.

With luck you can get through one game in just under an hour. When one side takes up a big pack their opponents have nothing to do for about ten minutes but just watch. That is why Canasta is already on the decline in Britain. It is just too slow for the pulsing vitality of the British temperament.

Yet when it comes to the theatre the Americans are faster than the hare and we are the tortoise. If you doubt that, I advise a visit to the revue *Touch and Go* now in London. It simply generates electricity from the moment the curtain goes up.

And now may I utter a word or two of criticism in our own direction? During a recent week-end I had to go to Brighton, a spot for which I have both affection and gratitude. We put up at an hotel where the rooms were clean and comfortable, and where the service in every department could hardly have been excelled.

But not all the graces of an excellent waiter, nor the flattering attentions of the head waiter could alter the character and condition of the food put before us. First we had a dish of macaroni, which had less flavour than an old glove. It was pallid and sodden, but not without a rubberish sense of survival. By its very passive resistance to the teeth, it kept us munching until even the gastric juices, already disillusioned, ceased to function.

In the next course the vegetables were solid and unappetising. When in desperation we asked for cheese they served a piece of *camembert* which looked so weary and tasteless that we left it untouched. It was a shame to disturb its doleful thoughts.

No doubt there are difficulties, but is it necessary or excusable for a first-class British hotel, charging first-class prices, to serve food in a manner which would create a riot, if not a revolution, in Paris?

Fortunately I found a menthol lozenge in my pocket and sucked it gratefully to get that taste of old boots out of my mouth.

The annual rodeo is over. Once more Max the Aberdeen terrier has been clipped, sheared and plucked, although he made a terrific fight of it. In fact, we had to abandon the struggle at one emporium because he not only defied the two attendants but set all the rest of the dogs into a mad turmoil. At the second establishment, however, Max had become a fatalist and merely put up a passive resistance by refusing to stand on the table: he just sank down on the table-top.

Now he is back home wandering around with a sense of shame and looking singularly naked as if he had gone out clothed only in a fur coat and the wind had blown it away. He does not even bark: perhaps because he does not want to call attention to his stripped condition.

Why does one keep a dog like this? He chews the letters that come through the door; he devours *The Times* if he gets half a chance; he goes into the garden and holds a dogs' Eisteddfod with all the dogs in the other gardens; he conducts a private war against the butcher's boy, the grocer's boy, and all guests who arrive; and on the Sabbath he sits on the front balcony and blasphemes at every well-behaved dog that passes. Then the rodeo on top of all this.

The love of a man for a dog is as illogical as the love of a dog for a man. Stupidly but loyally, Max thinks that I am the boss in our house, which is flattering to the vanity. Another thing is that he does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Unlike a spaniel, which almost dies of grief if you as much as leave him behind to cross the road and post a letter, Max merely utters a Scottish curse or is utterly indifferent. Considering his rebellious nature, it is remarkable that the word "No!" is never questioned by him. He is peremptory but never whines.

How much better behaved is Douglas Bader's setter, which every week-end follows his limbless, heroic master about the golf course for 72 holes. With my old friend General Critchley, I played against Bader and a partner recently, which meant that with the caddies there were eight of us. But to the dog there was only one person present. As he sat on the tee, with his vast tail sweeping the ground like a scythe, he made no objection if we patted his head or stroked his ear. He simply paid no attention. The world and the game consisted of one man only—that gallant airman who really belongs to Dumas and not to this era at all.

When his legs were amputated, Bader vowed that he would never use a stick. Maimed as he was, he commanded a squadron of fighters and was shot down—but all that is part of our nation's glory for all time. His gaiety of spirit never dwindles, and when he hits a drive the ball is 40 or 50 yards in front of a normal middle-handicapped player: I would back Bader to beat Bing Crosby level.

But win or lose, his dog would worship him just the same. They are tremendous friends, and no outsider can break the bond that binds them. Yet such is the perversity of human nature that I would not exchange Max for Bader's dog, although Max would ruin any golf match and probably end up in a bunker, unable, like his master, to get out of it.

Beverley Baxter

—THE CONTEMPLATIVE COW—

—CHEWS THE LETTERS—

—THE GROCER'S BOY—

—RUIN ANY GOLF MATCH—

"PRAY SILENCE!" FOR . . .

AT all great functions, one of the most important people present is the toastmaster. Immaculately dressed in pink "tails," black trousers, white tie, waistcoat and gloves, and black patent pumps, there he stands complete in his knowledge of custom, ceremony, precedence and procedure. Each man, before he takes on the job, undergoes a period of

(Above and top left.) Mr. Harold H. Dean, the *doyen* of London's toastmasters, lives at Cockfosters, Barnet, Herts. Trained as a singer, but realising that he would never reach the top flight, he decided to use his fine baritone voice as a Toastmaster and Master of Ceremonies. He has functioned for twenty-eight years. He attends the banquets of the Lord Mayor; was at Guildhall when the French President was entertained; attended the three Coronation functions, at Guildhall, Westminster Hall, and the County Hall. Throughout his career Mr. Dean has never made a mistake in seniority when calling "Pray silence!"

(Below and bottom left.) Mr. Harold Davy, of Castlenau, Barnes, began his career as a page-boy. In 1914 he joined the R.F.A. for World War I.; later worked his way up from waiter to superintendent of banquets at the Holborn Restaurant; and became a Toastmaster in 1930. He believes he was the first of his profession to fly to a function—in 1936, when he went to Brussels. Royal ceremonies are his favourites; and an important occasion was the Bowes-Lyon dance at Londonderry House, where most of the 800 guests were titled, he says.

LONDON'S TOASTMASTERS

study in elocution, voice-production, and English, varying from six months to two years. The correct order of precedence, the manner of announcing guests and speakers, is included in the training ; this varies at different functions—there being no set rule—but the order is always given on the menu. Here are four of our leading Toastmasters.

(Above and top right.) Mr. Harry Tinslay, of Woodside Road, S.E.25, seventy-one in September, is still in great demand as M.C. and Toastmaster. The gavel he uses is seventy years old, and was given to him by his father, also a Toastmaster. He served in the Boer War and in World War I. He often attended functions with the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales. One of his recent big functions was the Chamber of Shipping dinner, when Prince Philip was guest of honour. He is fond of dancing and is often asked to dance when he is acting M.C.

(Below and bottom right.) Mr. John Mills, of North Mimms, Herts, took up his present job as a hobby. Now, aged forty-nine, he has been a Toastmaster for twenty years. His job takes him to many parts of Great Britain ; to Southampton, for instance, for functions attendant on the post-war maiden voyages of the *Nieuw Amsterdam* and the *Jagersfontein*. His biggest occasion to date was the British Aircraft Constructors' dinner at Farnborough, Hants, attended by 3000 guests. He once told Marlene Dietrich that no smoking was allowed until after the Royal toast.

A CENTENARY FOR "PRINNY'S" ROYAL PAVILION

SATURDAY marks the centenary of Brighton's ownership of the unique Royal Pavilion, whose Indian domes, pinnacles and the apartments (a triumph of *chinoiserie*) have caused a century's controversy. Brighton will celebrate by opening the State Apartments to the public from June 10 to September 30, with a Ball on June 17. The Apartments will be appropriately furnished—much of the furniture in the Chinese taste. In 1784 the imaginative George IV., then Prince of Wales, started to build his Pavilion. Connoisseur, patron of art, he employed a number of architects, but the final and present form is due to the famous John Nash, who began his improvements and additions in 1815. The top left picture shows the domed ceiling of the great Banqueting Room, 45 ft. high; from the branching foliage and bronze leaves a silvered dragon holds up the splendid chandelier. On the right the Music Room—its domed ceiling decorated with carved and gilded scales, elliptical windows of painted glass, inverted pagoda-like chandeliers. The picture top centre, *Allegory: H.R.H. the Prince Regent Awakening the Spirit of Brighton*, was painted by Rex Whistler in 1944, when a soldier in a Brighton billet.

(Photographed by Wm. G. Davis)

Candid Cameo

JOHN GODDARD

By Henry Longhurst

TO as depressing a rendezvous as human imagination could devise, namely, a Bloomsbury hotel on a wet Monday morning, John Goddard, who leads his West Indies XI. at Old Trafford to-morrow (June 8) into their first five-day Test against England, seemed to bring something of the colour, gaiety and warmth of his native Barbados, where skies are blue and there is plenty of time to-morrow.

Goddard's life is sport; the sort of life that men used to live in England but live no more. Cricket, tennis, swimming, football, racing—anything you like to offer. At thirty-one he has the eye, the build—and the time—for them all. His family are the universal providers of Barbados. They also distil rum and operate a hotel called Sam Lord's Castle, named after a distinguished local pirate. But in addition to Mr. Goddard, senior, who remains very much on his toes, there are nine sons, and brother John is the youngest of them. One is a doctor; one is in the States—" a kind of preacher. One of these faith people. If you believe in him, he can do something for you . . ." —and the others are on hand to look after the business.

They say the West Indies cricketers bring bad weather to England. To make up for it, they bring cheerful cricket, a tradition which under Goddard's leadership seems likely to continue, whatever the weather may do. As an opening gambit, it snowed them under at Eastbourne and washed them out at Worcester. Many of them got the first colds of their lives at Eastbourne, but Goddard prolonged the agony for an extra two hours on the ground that people had paid their money and were entitled to see some cricket.

He also, having seen the animal run at Hurst Park, tipped *Palestine* for the 2000 Guineas with such confidence that a number of Eastbourne ratepayers were induced to do themselves considerable good. At home he owns four thoroughbreds from England and the only *Mahmoud* brood mare in the West Indies. His bedside book, I observed, as he unskilfully packed his bags pending the arrival of his wife in July, was the *Racing Annual*.

Barbados, no bigger than the Isle of Wight and most friendly of the West Indies, with a continuous British association since the good ship *Orange Blossom* fetched up there in 1605, is quoted by the Encyclopædia as being "remarkable in arresting the decay of vital power consequent upon old age." It also possesses (according to all except our last Test captain, who trod on a "sea egg" and was incapacitated within a few hours of arrival) the best bathing in the world. The cricket to which Goddard and his men will treat English crowds is likely to reflect the atmosphere of his native land.

In Australia, I understand, the ball is bowled in a dour and deadly silence—whatever tumult may arise later. In Barbados their cricket-madness takes the more demonstrative form of a cheerful and continuous uproar. Every tree is loaded with spectators, thirty or forty of whom fall from various heights during the match, while others turn cartwheels on the boundaries. So splendid is the din, says the same English captain, that the field may only be moved by gesture, any idea of their hearing verbal instructions being out of the question.

On Goddard's merits as a cricketer I make no comment, partly through not yet having seen him play, principally because no one would give a Shinwell's cuss for my opinion if I had. I append instead a kind of school-report furnished by a critic of the highest competence:

"Competent self-made bat (left-handed). Liable to show considerable guts at crucial moments. Goodish bowler (right-handed), medium to medium fast, varying according to pitch and opposing batsman. Intelligent tactical cricketer. Great fielder. Tremendous thrower. Stern captain."

Noting him to autograph bats and shave as well as bowl right-handed, I asked what started him batting the wrong way round. An ultimatum from the eldest brother, captain of the family team in days gone by and now turned the half-century: "Either you learn to bat left-handed or you don't play. We have too many right-handers as it is!" So left-handed it had to be.

Goddard has strong views on the thankless job of the touring captain, whose problems are common to cricket, football, golf, or any other game in which one man has to shepherd a miscellaneous party of his fellow-countrymen half-way across the world, sort out their troubles, keep them in order, produce them at their peak at given moments, and at the same time play a captain's innings himself.

He is, I should guess, too understanding to warrant being called "stern." He holds the view that if a man habitually has four drinks before his dinner the best thing he can do on tour is to have four drinks before his dinner. Not eight. . . . and not the water-wagon. Every captain piously professes this view: few put it into practice. So the West Indian who comes home with the milk need have no fear. The captain will not be waiting up for him in the hall. "I am an early sleeper," he says. "I don't wait up to see who comes in and when."

On the other hand, he begins to worry whether we may not kill his charges by kindness. They have thirty-seven matches, each of which entails attendance—willing and grateful attendance, let it be said—at a minimum of two social functions, often more. In the West Indies cricket stops at half-past five. Here it goes on till seven. Life is one long rush to get from pitch to party. Eleven of his team are new to England, and he wonders if he can keep them from being saturated (not in the literal sense) with hospitality, especially of the "official" variety, where they may be stuck for an evening between two people with whom they have little in common. Prospective hosts may note the advantages of a "stand-up" affair, where their guests can mingle with many. And if someone can be produced to talk horse-racing instead of cricket, the captain, for one, will be duly thankful.

In one aspect at least John Goddard can claim already to have equalled the most successful captains in history, Sir Stanley Jackson for England and H. G. Dean for South Africa. He has won the toss in all five Tests in a row. Perhaps he has a "system." But when you ask him, he just sits, like the Tar Baby, and says nothin'. . .

★

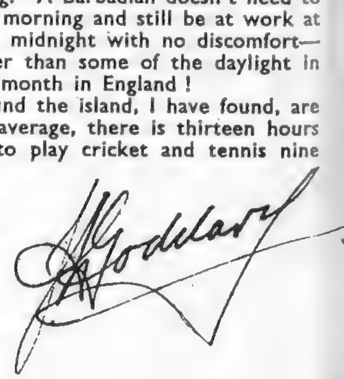
Who . . . Me?

I SHOULD like to thank Mr. Longhurst for his estimable description of me. I must, however, correct him on one point. In my home island of Barbados, in the British West Indies, with a population of something very near 1135 persons per square mile, no one can really afford to be just a sportsman. And even if I could, my father is much too industrious to allow me to be. Furthermore, I have a wife and four small daughters.

I had better explain, therefore, how all this sport and work can be undertaken. It 's simply climatic conditions and the size of Barbados. No one can live farther than six miles from the sea, and any part of the coast will provide ideal conditions for sea-bathing. A Barbadian doesn't need to be a spartan to have a swim at six in the morning and still be at work at eight o'clock. He may even sea-bathe at midnight with no discomfort—in fact, our moonlight is at times brighter than some of the daylight in which I have had to play cricket this last month in England!

The beautiful golden sands which surround the island, I have found, are perfect for exercising my horses. At an average, there is thirteen hours a day sunshine, so I can still find time to play cricket and tennis nine months a year in the afternoon between five and seven. I can honestly say that in the West Indies I have never found work interfering with my pleasure, or pleasure hampering my work.

Perhaps the West Indian is born lucky—if he doesn't enquire too deeply into his surroundings.



TEST SKIPPER FROM BARBADOS: JOHN GODDARD'S ISLAND BACKGROUND

SILHOUETTES FROM "BALLABILE"

FROM the irrepressible M. Roland Petit's new ballet at Covent Garden we produce this slant on the witty dancing of the two principals, Anne Negus and Alexander Grant—two fine character-dancers. The fertile, feverish genius of the French choreographer is conspicuous in his new ballet, with its acrobatics, wit, a mass of ingenuities, encircled by several settings and swift transformations. It is danced to music by Chabrier arranged by Constant Lambert, who conducts.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by BARON.

DATE-BOOK
(Our Social Diary)

MAY 16.

Fresh arrival in the ranks of Russian Imperial family is the baby daughter of Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia. She was christened Olga at Wilderness House, Hampton Court, according to the rites of the Russian Church. Her sponsors included the King of Norway, the Queen of Denmark ; the Grand Duchess Xenia and Lt.-Col. Herbert McDougall —her grandparents ; Prince Rotislav, Mrs. Charles Fountaine, and Mrs. George Wheler.

MAY 18.

(Right.) Chic was in evidence at the Westminster Theatre when Warren Chetham-Strode's new play—Background—opened. Chose this good-looking first-nighter to illustrate the fact : Miss Rachel Tower, whose Roman toga-like velvet gown worn with heavy neck-chain both effective and decorative.

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL CHRISTENING.

FIRST NIGHT.

MAY 18.

The debs.' own night—i.e., the Débutantes' Birthday Ball in the Great Room at Grosvenor House. Following up our sketches in the last issue, here are actual photographs. Left : the Hon. Christine Forester, whose father, Lord Forester, accompanied her. Right (l. to r.) : Gay young party : Miss Carolyn Hardinge, Mr. John Brandt, Miss Vivien Cain and Mr. Charles Tyler.

DEBUTANTES' BIRTHDAY BALL.

MAY 18.

Still at Grosvenor House. Here the young girls in frosty white have reached gracefully dramatic moment when, as one man, as it were, having paraded round the room, they bend in a vast, elegant curtsey before the President of the Ball, Lady Hamond-Graeme. She 's about to cut the great cake, which is encircled with lights. And they do their mothers credit, thoroughly justifying the expense to which a deb.'s Mamma is put nowadays. Launched on their first season, they were all out to enjoy themselves before many of them set out on some chosen career—at which Queen Charlotte and her Maids-of-Waiting would have raised shocked eyebrows. (Remember the Ball was once called Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, based on those eighteenth-century junketings to which she treated Maids-in-Waiting.)

DEBUTANTES' CURTSEY.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

SKI CLUB OF G.B.—DINNER-DANCE.

MAY 17.
The Ski Club of G.B. held its spring dinner and ball at Grosvenor House. Here, watching the dancers; Air Chief Marshal Sir A. Coryton, with daughters Flavia and Angela, Lady Coryton, Group Captain Lang, Mr. Geoffrey Warner, Mr. Francis Burne. Challenge Cups were presented for the year, and members of the Oxford and Cambridge teams who jumped at Hampstead Heath on Norwegian snow were given little silver memento ash-trays by Colonel Jörgensen, Norwegian Air Attaché.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL.

MAY 19.
Most brilliant ball of the year, the Royal Caledonian returned in all its pre-war glory to the Great Room, Grosvenor House. Diamond tiaras, necklaces, bracelets flashed and winked; the women's dresses had the couturier touch, and the vari-coloured kilts, tunics, sporrans of the men as handsome as ever. Pipers and drummers of the 1st The Scots Guards played for the reels; Sydney Lipton's band for other dances. Left, complete with their clan tartan sashes are the Misses Norina Stewart Clark, Shena Hilleary, Elizabeth Guthrie, Leslie Melville. Right, leading the way for the set reels, the Duke of Atholl with the Countess of Erroll, followed by Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray and Colonel Sir Douglas Ramsay, in glittering procession. The buffet was as ex-austerity as the dancers' appearance.

PONSONBY — MAYNARD WEDDING.

CHRISTIE — MACLEOD WEDDING.

MAY 20.
(Left.) At the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, Capt. Myles Ponsonby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ponsonby, of 22, Kingston House, Princes Gate, married Miss Ann V. T. Maynard, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Maynard, of Totland Bay.

MAY 20.
(Right.) At the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, wedding with a legal tang. Mr. E. William H. Christie, son of Major H. A. H. Christie, K.C., and of Mrs. Christie, of 36, Sloane Court, married Miss Merle MacLeod, daughter of the late Mr. Roderick MacLeod, The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and of Mrs. MacLeod, of Angmering, Sussex. Reception in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn.

BOOK

MAY 20.

(Left.) Married at St. James's, Spanish Place, Mr. David Pelham James, son of Sir Archibald James, of Marandellas, S. Rhodesia, and of Mrs. G. Miller, of Craignure House, Isle of Mull, and the Hon. Jaquetta Digby, daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, of Cerne Abbey.

MAY 20.

(Right.) At the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, Miss Susan Armstrong-Jones, daughter of Mr. R. O. L. Armstrong-Jones and of Lady Rosse, married Mr. John E. Vesey, son of the late Colonel the Hon. Thomas Vesey, and of Lady Cecily Vesey.

JAMES — DIGBY WEDDING.

VESEY — ARMSTRONG-JONES WEDDING.

MAY 20.

.eft.) U.S. officers' recep- on and dinner-dance at the avoy, observing the first .S. Armed Forces Day in American history. High- anking British officers and vives also present. Dancing to music by U.S. Navy orchestra. In this group are Rear-Admiral and Mrs. D. S. Cornell (U.S.), Major-Gen. nd Mrs. A. F. Kibler (U.S.) nd Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Ogilvie-Forbes, R.A.F.

MAY 23.

(Right.) Chelsea Flower how opened in best-possible way—hot sunshine made lowers a blaze of colour. heir Majesties and Queen Mary present, admiring. icture shows smart fashion vorn by Miss Sheila Carlaw: handsome white braided epaulettes and pockets; feather hat.

U.S. ARMED FORCES DINNER-DANCE.

AT CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.

MAY 27.

Epsom: Derby Day, with the King, the Queen, Queen Mary and Princesses present. In spite of but short notice, cars filled up with freed petrol and big crowds sped to see 171st Derby—the richest in history—won by M. Boussac's Galcador, ridden by Rae Johnstone, who 'd already taken the Oaks for him with Asmena. The latter great achievement, as French filly went lame before race; was saved by rain. The French owner-breeder returned to France the richer by over £30,000. In picture, left: Mrs. Huot, in charming flowered dress, with Lord Pender; centre, Mr. H. L. Morris with Lady Broughton; right, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, with her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait.

AT EPSOM, FOR THE DERBY.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE - BOOK
(Abroad)

CORONATION OF SIAM'S KING.

MAY 5.

Bangkok. *In Oriental splendour King Phumibol was crowned King of Thailand. Borne high on an elaborate gilded palanquin through his palace to the Emerald Pagoda, and dressed in heavy gold-embroidered robes and enthroned, he lifted the great pinnacled gold crown (it weighs 7 lb.) on to his own head, for no one may touch him during the rites. As he proclaimed himself Rama IX, "lord of the earth, unmatched in brilliance and power," a chorus of conch-shells was sounded, and a naval battery fired a salute of 101 guns. He married his young Queen, Princess Sirikit Kitiyakara, on April 28. She's seen left, bediamonded, and watching the King carried in procession.*

FILM STAR ON LOCATION.

WEDDING IN DENMARK.

MAY 18.

Costa Brava, Gerona, Spain. *Film-star James Mason, wif Pamela Kellino, and daughte Portland, raided the hat-shops for headgear in severa tastes; posed for a snapshot. They were on location nort of Barcelona, making th Romulus film, Pandora an the Flying Dutchman; ar due back at the Shepperto studios now.*

MAY 19.

Island of Funen, Denmark. *Married to-day, English Mis Joan Garrett to Count Axe Ahlefeldt-Laurvig-Lehn He's heir to the Castle o Hvidkilde and its lands, nea Svendborg—a very beautifu place. The Count and Coun-tess were photographed i the Castle library after thei wedding.*

DUTCH ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS.

MAY 23.

Paris. *Queen Juliana of Holland and Prince Bernhard arrived in Paris on a State visit; were met at Orly air-field by President and Mme. Auriol. They drove through the beflagged, decorated suburbs of Paris to the Elysée Palace, where the Queen and the Prince are staying. Photograph shows the Queen and her Consort at the Elysée, where her Majesty received members of the Diplomatic Corps; in-vested President Auriol with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Netherlands Lion. A State banquet was followed by a reception, when actors and actresses of the Comédie Française gave two short plays and a recita-tion of French poems.*

IDENTIFYING THE GUEST

REX HARRISON'S Henry VIII. in *Anne of the Thousand Days* pleased Broadway considerably. It's a far cry from that wife-liquidating monarch to The Unidentified Guest of Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* at the New, but he makes the grade admirably, and the theatre is filled ; seats all-but unobtainable. From Alec Guinness's un-earthy Guide, Rex turns to Harley Street, and becomes essentially the specialist—charming, thoughtful, altruistic. He leaves *The Cocktail Party* in August to star in a film, *The Long, Dark Hall*.

Photographed by BARON

PICTURE GALLERY

Chosen by Wilma Moy-Thomas

Fine Degas pastels of ballet dancers are on show at the Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, this month. This one is called *Danseuse rajustant son Epaulette.*

Christian Bérard, best known as stage designer and fashion artist, also painted portraits. This sketch, *The Boy of Goude*, is in the exhibition of his work at the New Burlington Galleries.

(Below.) *Eights Week, Oxford.* A gay water-colour in Paul Maze's one-man show at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, Old Bond Street.

FROM time to time during the year we shall publish a double-page of works of art selected by our Art Critic. With the exception of Sir William Rothenstein's drawing of his wife, the examples shown here are all on view during this month.

This drawing of his wife was in the Memorial Exhibition of Sir William Rothenstein's work at the Tate Gallery. The show closed on June 4, and goes to Bradford June 30.

Bonnard's *White Cat* is in his show at the Roland, Browse, Delbanco Gallery to aid the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

(Below.) *The Effects of Intemperance*; by Jan Steen. A split-second picture showing what goes on when father and mother take a drop too much. The dog is eating the pie, the monkey has got the ink, and so on. One of the Dutch and Flemish Masters at Slatter's Gallery.

Not Queen Mary in an African village ! Her Majesty was inspecting Ian Walker's thatched cottage garden.

Incredible arrangement at the vegeta
of tomatoes, bouquets of

It takes all sorts to make a garden ! Chelsea Hospital in the background ; greenhouses in the middle distance.

" Daddy, do you think Tomkins wou

CHELSEA FLOW

e display : pagodas of leeks, pyramids of carrots and peas . . .

bject very much to being mechanised ? "

The Duchess of Kent inspects some outsize roses.

" Why, Colonel, I haven't seen you since your antirrhinums swept the board at Little Magna ! "

ER SHOW, 1950

Outlined by FRANCIS MARSHALL.

J. C. Trewin at the Theatre

" BACKGROUND "

(Westminster)

THE " background " of Warren Chetham-Strode's title is the home-and-family life that the Lomax children will lose if their parents are divorced. Apparently they have not observed an almost continuous to-and-fro bickering between their father, a barrister who cannot forget wig-and-gown even at home, and their mother, a charming woman who is tiresomely inefficient. After sixteen years, John and Barbara Lomax have had enough. Their nerves are frayed: when " Uncle Bill " Ogden, amiable and dull, suggests escape to Barbara, all parties are promptly agreeable. All except the three children: these must be told, and in an extremely good and original scene Chetham-Strode shows what happens: how the elder girl, self-centred Linda, receives the news blandly and wonders what she can gain by the change; how her young sister sits by in mute distress; and how the middle child, thirteen-year-old Adrian, his life suddenly crumbled about him, also stares dumbly, too hurt to speak. Later, in another unexpected scene which, though some may hold it to be stagey, has for me a ring of truth, the children express themselves in a few moments of violence. It is painful but unquestionably strong and moving. Chetham-Strode keys the play up to a last contrived scene in which the boy, implausibly, threatens Uncle Bill with a gun, and we may feel like crying, " Sit down a minute, Adrian." But it is not really a laughing matter: young John Charlesworth, who is unpretentiously right throughout, acts here with so much sharp power that he can persuade us against our judgment.

It can be argued, of course—and has been—that the Lomaxes are apparently nothing more than a normal couple, and that the small rows we are shown would not long disturb the domestic order. Still, the effect of that sort of thing must be cumulative: Chetham-Strode presents only the end of a long chain of minor disasters, and I am quite prepared to believe that the Lomaxes have grounds for their most unfortunate resolve. Happily, they decide—but I suppose what follows the gun-play in the last act should be left to reveal itself in the theatre, though for once this is not a piece in which we need bother about plot revelation. What matters far more is the revelation of character, and in this Chetham-Strode is a sound and perceptive dramatist able to develop an important theme. He has a suitable cast. I like especially Valerie White, whose crispness and sensitive authority increase with experience. Andre Morell is excellently the barking barrister; Lilly Kann, as a Viennese nanny, envelops everyone in her warm glow; and Marian Chapman and Betty Blackler look after the other children. All of these appear now to be in the foreground of a success: by and large, the play deserves it, though the dramatist might be badgered on small details.

OLD STAGERS

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (Aldwych).
Vivien Leigh presents to us the last stage of an unhappy creature's decline in a New Orleans slum.

TREASURE HUNT (Apollo).
Dame Sybil Thorndike beams from a sedan-chair upon an Irish romp.

TRAVELLER'S JOY (Criterion).
Yvonne Arnaud, grappling with the currency regulations, is as endearing as she was two years ago.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

MR. GILLIE (Garrick).
James Bridie (author) and Alastair Sim (actor) in partnership again.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French, by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE HEIRESS (Haymarket).
Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hiller in the moving period-piece based on Henry James's *Washington Square.*

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM (Lyric).
Another year's run. John Clements and Kay Hammond stroke along Farquhar's late Restoration comedy.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his beautiful Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THE WAY THINGS GO (Phoenix).
The Lonsdale way is gilded with epigrams (burnished by Ronald Squire), while Glynis Johns and Michael Gough take care of the plot.

VENUS OBSERVED (St. James's).
A dance of words with which Sir Laurence Olivier has opened his St. James's season, and Christopher Fry has increased his fame.

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Savoy).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the pointed arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

OKLAHOMA! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Whitehall).
The Whitehall phenomenon. R. F. Delderfield's joke about billeted airmen was produced on Dec. 3, 1945, and still runs cheerfully.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

PRESENT STAGE

The new and the old schools of diplomacy come face to face : Sebastian Shaw as the Lieutenant-Governor and Eric Portman as the Governor of Salva, in Dorothy and Campbell Christie's new play, *His Excellency.*

"HIS EXCELLENCY." (Princes)

The Job is the Governorship of a British colony, the Mediterranean Island of Salva, and the Boy for the Job is a Socialist politician and ex-stevedore (name of Harrison). He is a good, determined, single-minded Yorkshireman, but as obstinate as they are made. When he arrives at Salva, his advisers and staff prepare for trouble, and it comes. H.E. hits the island like high explosive; Eric Portman is just the actor for this particular charge of official dynamite. Much of the success of Dorothy and Campbell Christie's play at the Princes will be due to his way of projecting His Excellency's mixture of common sense and rough-neck rashness. The play itself is a briskly serviceable, hammer-and-tongs business. Its third act is (for once) the best in the evening, and it has at the last an extremely good scene in which H.E., thinking in terms of football, describes how he silenced an angry crowd. Mr. Portman is perfectly the genial-pugnacious Tyke who will take no telling, and Salva is well staffed on the naval and military side by Ian Fleming, Arnold Bell and John Wood, and on the civil side by Sebastian Shaw, a chief adviser in whom urbanity fights exasperation. Annabel Maule is pleasantly unforced as H.E.'s daughter (ex-flight sergeant in the W.A.A.F.), who becomes hostess of the Monesta Palace. Philip Leaver turns the local Chief of Police into an exuberant blood-orange. One urgent word. The Princes is a very big theatre, and on the first night not everyone in the cast was audible in Row H. of the stalls. By now, I daresay, things are better.

"TOUCH AND GO." (Prince of Wales)

This smack-it-across revue from New York, with a mixed British and American cast, came to us on the first night in a pleasantly complete state. For good or ill it had been made and finished. It was a rounded technician's job (most of the book and lyrics by Jean and Walter Kerr; music by Jay Gorney). We were not kept in the Prince of Wales for three hours or so while the company continued to try more-or-less funny jokes on the more-or-less sleeping dogs in the auditorium. Indeed, the company had pared things down as far as they would go. "We have not rehearsed any speeches," murmured the British impresario at the last curtain, and the audience did not want any. But during the evening it would have liked more of Helen Gallagher, a charmingly coy singer and dancer, for whom, clearly, the word "bewitching" was coined, and of Kaye Ballard, who biffs her monologues across as if she were hitting a punch-ball. They are a lively pair of visitors. The Debonairs, too, dance with the most cheerful precision. Carole Lynne, Bill Fraser, and Desmond-Walter-Ellis join in for Britain, and the two comedians—with an unholy joy—concoct between them a working model of a Dramatic Critic. I remember also a scientific comparison between the intelligence of a gorilla and a film-star, and an elaborate view of a *Cinderella,* as produced by Elia Kazan, which manages to put both *Death of a Salesman* and *Street Car* in their places. One groan : I hope now that there may be a ban upon further burlesques of *Hamlet.* The present effort is stuff for the tip of the pier and wastes time that so ingenious a cast as this could surely have filled. I suggest that Miss Gallagher and Miss Ballard be given the freedom of the stage for another ten minutes.

J. C. T.

NEXT STAGE

STANDS Scotland where it did ? Undoubtedly. Three of the plays at this year's Edinburgh Festival (which opens officially on Aug. 20) are by Scottish dramatists: one by the inevitable James Bridie, called *The Queen's Comedy* ; one by Eric Linklater (*The Atom Doctor*) ; and a third, which sounds uncommonly interesting, a revival of the Rev. John Home's *Douglas.* Don't mix this dramatist with William Douglas Home. He lived from 1722 to 1808 ; his second play, the historical verse tragedy of *Douglas,* staged first in the 1750's, excited all patriotic Scots. One of them, at the opening Edinburgh performance, leapt up, crying, "Whaur 's your Wullie Shakespeare noo ? "

Playgoers at *Carousel,* which opens at Drury Lane to-night (June 7), should make sure that they are seated before the rise of the curtain. The whole of the first scene is mimed to music. Not a word is spoken, but the scene is vital to the plot. The piece was founded on Molnar's *Liliom* ; Marjorie Mars, one of the British members of the cast, appeared in the original production of *Liliom* in London.

Alec L. Rea and E. P. Clift will probably have two plays on Broadway this autumn. They are now, with Tennents, negotiating with an American management for a New York production of Sherriff's *Home at Seven,* though not, of course, with the London cast : the play is a solid success at Wyndham's. R. C. Sherriff tells me that his piece, which is past its 100th performance (99 of the first 100 houses were "capacity" or near-capacity), has been sold to thirteen Continental countries. They include Greece, France, Norway and Holland.

Miles Malleson is making for himself a new name with his versions of Molière. On June 27 we shall see *Tartuffe* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, for a three weeks' run. The company is that of the Bristol Old Vic, produced by Allan Davis ; and Frances Rowe, George Coulouris, David King-Wood and Jessie Evans have important parts.

Captain Carvallo, Denis Cannan's comedy, which began its life at Bristol during the recent season, will shortly open a pre-London tour with Diana Wynyard and James Donald ; Sir Laurence Olivier is presenting it.

Although there is no "festival" at Malvern this year, Donald Wolfit is filling the breach. He tells me that he will be occupying the Festival Theatre for a three weeks' season which begins on July 12. He takes with him six Shakespearean plays, Ibsen's *The Master Builder,* Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* and Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* In this he plays the extortioner, Overreach. Edmund Kean's performance in this part once threw Byron into a fit and caused havoc in the boxes.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

"BIG" JIM WILSON and CHARLIE MUIR, for competing against swing champions in more ways than golf.

THE British Amateur Golf Championships at St. Andrews, on crowded rain-soaked links, saw Bing Crosby (top, r.), playing St. Andrews stonemason James Wilson, and Donald Peers (below, r.), combating Charlie Muir, both beaten after keen competition.

DR. JOHN LOWE, for being the first Oxford don to take off vertically from his college.

UNDERGRADUATES from Christ Church staged a ceremonial send-off to their Dean, Dr. Lowe, and his wife, when they departed in a helicopter. Wearing strange costumes, they rendered "Lowe, he comes with clouds descending," and "Will ye no' come back again?"

HARRY MACDONALD, for whittling away his time to such good advantage.

SOME years ago Harry, a joiner from Leeds (Harewood), scratched himself on a wood-carver's chisel and has been carving ever since. Here among his wooden animals and nursery-rhyme characters in his garden at Woolmer Green, Herts, he chips in the finishing touches to "Red Riding Hood."

WARREN HEARNDEN, for getting more fun out of Shakespeare than the average schoolboy.

FIRST professional engagement for twelve-year-old Warren is in the part of Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*. Here, sitting at the feet of Antony Eustrel, who plays King Leontes, his mind is far from Ryde Grammar School, where he first started to write his own plays. His name will be found in quite sizeable letters on the playbills.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

AGATHA CHRISTIE,

for copping this week a "criminal" jubilee with her fiftieth whodunit.

WITH a home-grown bouquet, perhaps, to *The Sketch* for having spotted the exceptional talents of this queen of crime fiction as long ago as March, 1923, when we commissioned from her a series of short stories—*The Grey Cells of M. Poirot*—and ran them weekly. With the first we published a page of at-home photographs of Miss Christie and her daughter, and named her "creator of the most interesting detective since Sherlock Holmes"—Hercule Poirot. Her first book, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, appeared in 1920, after several rejections. Since then Miss Christie's thrillers have been translated into almost every language, lauded by the most distinguished crime-readers, a number of them seen on stage, screen, TV, heard on the air. She is both best-seller and biggest-seller. Her fiftieth book, *A Murder Is Announced*, is published this week by Collins.

Specially photographed for *The Sketch* by ANGUS McBEAN.

Third Cousin, a misconceived farce about the supernatural by Vera Mathews, featured a charming comedy performance by Renee Kelly (left) as a small-town American woman who hears "voices." Her 'help,' Byrl Walkley, also hears them. They exchange confidences over a cup of tea.

Esmond Knight and Mary Kerridge made plausible the leading parts in *The Compelled People*, a long-winded play by Lionel Birch and Lorna Hay about life in present-day Berlin lacking an adequate dramatic theme. It was adapted for television by W. P. Rilla.

Replicas of the Crown Jewels are being shown to Canada this month, but before they left the Tower, Richard Dimbleby showed children crowns and orbs which are exact copies of the priceless originals.

"Standing room for two singles with their own milk and sugar."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

OUR blood, which in the ordinary course of events flows along amiably enough at the normal temperature, rose to what might be fairly described as boiling-point the other day on reading a news story in our morning paper. It was headed WARNING ON TELEVISION and sub-headed A HANDICAP TO HOMEWORK! At first, quite unable to believe what we saw, we were inclined to blame it on the last nightcap of the evening before. So we rubbed our eyes, took another gulp of coffee and looked again. But there it still was.

Apparently, the Association of Education Committees is most worried about the effect of television on children. It had to come, of course. These types of august and learned bodies would surely feel that they had neglected their duties if they did not find a menace to children in every new form of adult entertainment. Only a few months ago it was Dick Barton; before that, radio itself. The cinema has always been simply splendid as a target for the odd dirty crack from some pundit or other, as have the theatre, the Dogs, speedway racing—one could go on for ever.

And now, because Mum and Dad choose to have a little relaxation of an evening in front of their television sets, little Willie is going to neglect his homework. And whose fault is that? Little Willie's for being a young slacker? Mum and Dad's, for not seeing to it that the homework is well and truly done? The schoolmaster's, for setting Willie more to do than he can finish before the programme starts? Great heavens, no! It's all the fault of those wicked people up at Alexandra Palace.

Lest we be accused of misrepresentation, we had better quote what Dr. W. P. Alexander, Secretary of the aforementioned Association, was reported to have said: "We expect that the inevitable effect of television will be that youngsters will devote as much time to watching it as to their work. We believe the whole relation of television to school-children requires a complete investigation. It should be gone into from two angles: The effect of television on the home; the possibility of its use in schools."

That word "investigation" carries a sinister air and typifies the growing tendency in this country to set up committees to regiment our private lives. Will it come to this, that one day some official snooper will call at one's house, demand to see Willie's homework and, if it isn't completed, fine one for having the television set switched on? Maybe this is all a storm in a teacup

On May 21 Mrs. Attlee opened the new television studio for Children's Hour at Lime Grove. Jennifer (white dress) and Wilfred Pickles gave a hilarious party in celebration.

The "Hildegarde" programme was one of the year's television highlights. That famous theme song—"Darling, je vous aime beaucoup" stirred many memories of the incomparable cabaret entertainer.

but we feel a certain responsibility to side with television. And it is as unreasonable to blame television for this matter of homework as it would be to inveigh against the makers of some toy train which might equally distract Willie from his duty. We might add that it would have been refreshing to read that the Association were "investigating" an educational system whereby it would no longer be necessary for young children to spend more hours per day at their work than their fathers in their offices. We are told, often enough, that growing boys and girls need more rest than adults.

WE doubt, however, whether it was solely to encourage homework that the programmes, in the past period, were rather uninspiring. For instance, there was an American comedy, *Third Cousin*, by Vera Mathews, which missed the target in spite of slick handling by producer Eric Fawcett. Mrs. Butterworth, a widow living in a small American university town, sets the place in a ferment because she finds that she can foretell the future. "Voices," in the shape of her long-departed cousin, are the cause of all this. Here is an idea that might have been delightfully handled by Barrie, with his delicacy of touch. But Miss Mathews chooses to have her heroine declare that a certain woman is living in sin, that her maid is going to have illegitimate twins, and that the college Dean's wife is the real author of a salacious novel written under a pseudonym. The result was so dreary that only a stern sense of duty stopped us from switching off the set.

Should Hugo von Gerhart, a German film director, leave his native, Four-Power-occupied Berlin and start a new life in England? Should his film-star sister do likewise in America, as the wife of the man she loves? Those are the questions which *The Compelled People*, by Lionel Birch and Lorna Hay, asked. Personally, as they were both dull and tiresome characters, we couldn't have cared less. But they, being dull and tiresome, had to argue the matter out for nearly two hours. Apparently, the one thing that stopped them from leaping at the chance to escape from war-torn Berlin (there were some excellent film shots of this, by the way) was their innate loyalty to sunken ships. That may have been a sentiment worthy of respect, but it was by no means an adequately dramatic theme for a play. At one point Hugo said that he was "ausgelehbt" (bored with living). Ourself was merely "ausgeschaut" (bored with viewing).

Ally Pally must have rocked under the combined impact of Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert in the production of the "Cicely Courtneidge Show." They are both relentless workers and the show was swift, slick, and technically everything that a revue should be. Unfortunately, the material, composed mostly of old numbers, gave one a sense of disappointment. You can stretch nostalgia just so far and no farther. Still, it was good to see "Cis." again.

WITH a self-congratulatory flourish, television moved into its new studios the other day, with the first Sunday children's programme from Lime Grove. You may remember that a month or so ago we deplored the dilatoriness of this move. We still do. This may have been a super colossal occasion for the children, but for us it was distinguished by the delightful introductory music to the programme, in the form of a Scherzetto of children's tunes. This was specially composed by James Hartley, who has for some time steered television's music with such a tasteful hand.

While we are still with the young idea, may we urge all schoolboys to watch the excellent O.B.s which are being broadcast of the more important cricket matches? If you want to improve your game there is no better way than to see the experts at it; and those close-ups of the batsmen, bowlers and fielders, are a perfect object-lesson on how it should be done. We personally belong to the sleepy, deck-chair, sunny-day type of cricket fan. In this bitter summer we found ourself nodding most enjoyably through the M.C.C. *v.* West Indians match at Lord's, in front of a roaring fire.

The Variety Department, which has begun to hold up its head of late, can now afford to set its jaw at a cocky angle. To bring back that genius of cabaret, Hildegarde, to this country was a real achievement. So far, apart from one appearance here in 1938, she has fought shy of television. Hers is a very intimate and personal style and, in spite of huge offers by American companies, she felt that the production technique over there would not be able to reproduce it. Well, from Alexandra Palace the effect was electric. Good for you, British Television—and, of course, you, Hildegarde.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

James Hartley, Music Organiser at Alexandra Palace: For steering television's music with such a tasteful hand. Apart from ordinary musical programmes, it is largely due to him that the records played during the intervals of stage productions are so perfectly in keeping with the atmosphere. He has also composed a charming prelude to the Children's Hour programme, which was heard for the first time at the opening of the new studios at Lime Grove; and he wrote the score for the dance-drama *Salome*, which recently made a considerable stir.

At the Minima Yacht Club keen young members were hard at work getting their craft shipshape—painting, varnishing, repairing sails, and so on.

At the St. Helier Yacht Club, Jersey, C.I., in the Cadet Section was this busy group including Gordon Cooms, Charles Gruchy, G. Talbot, W. Clarke and B. Laberlester.

Accent on Youth

MORE NEWS FROM THE SAILING CLUBS

PURSUING, as we promised, the subject of British juniors with the sea in their blood like their fathers and mothers before them, here are more pictures. The acquisition of seamanship includes, of course, the absorption of the rules of the Yacht Racing Association. On the left, below, imbibing this knowledge, are members of the Itchenor Sailing Club, which, founded in 1927, has always set out to give the young every opportunity to learn and practise the art of sailing. In 1933 the Club built special stages for International 14-ft. dinghies, attracting a generation of young helmsmen such as Stewart Morris (Olympic Gold Medallist), Peter Scott, John Winter and others who have since become national and international figures in small-boat sailing.

At the Itchenor Sailing Club, near Chichester, a demonstration of Y.R.A. rules from the Rear Commodore. L. to r.: Francis Widdows, D. Miles, A. Pollock, Mr. D. L. Pollock, A. Hoare, D. Curtis-Bennett, P. Farrant, A. Pollock, and D. Curtis-Bennett.

After the try-out (l. to r.): Jeremy Layard, Judith Mason, Ted Goddard, hauled their boat ashore. They are members of the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club, Jersey.

Young amateur yachtsmen must pass a swimming test before they are allowed to race. These Cadets of the Royal Corinthian Y.C. at Burnham-on-Crouch (l. to r.: S. Tooth, J. Meaker, I. and E. Campbell, and R. Fowler) took their test fully clothed. This is not only for safety, but just in case . . .

. . . (below) you have to push your boat across the line into third place like Cadets John Oakley and Michael Smith, who capsized their *Firefly* whilst lying in second place in three feet of water. Gee, was it cold! They are members of the Hamble River Sailing Club.

"IN A LONELY PLACE."—An excellent Hollywood thriller with a skilful atmosphere of suspense. Humphrey Bogart and a lovely young discovery, Gloria Graham, both seen above, have the leading parts.

"THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD."—A Walt Disney fantasy which somewhat oddly combines the characters from Washington Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS . . . *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"IN A LONELY PLACE."

As modern pictures go, *In a Lonely Place* can be described as a small one; that is to say, it only takes an hour and a half to run; it is not particularly spectacular in its effects, dress and sets, and should not have been very costly to make, I fancy. All the same, it is one of the best Hollywood thrillers I have seen for years; not so much on account of the story, which is sketchy enough when you come to analyse it, but because of the remarkably sensible and sensitive treatment it has had from director and cast, and the skill with which the atmosphere of suspense has been developed.

In the lonely place of the title, a girl—a sweet but silly little cloak-room attendant—is found murdered. Suspicion falls on Dixon Steele, a screenwriter who is known to have taken the girl home to his villa. He is a man of violent temper, against whom earlier charges of assault have been dismissed but not forgotten. The evidence of a neighbour, a mysterious young woman named Laurel, clears him for the moment, but the police are still not quite sure of his innocence. Neither is Laurel, although she falls in love with Steele, and he with her. As their *liaison* progresses, her doubt and fear grows. Circumstances force her to realise that he is temperamentally capable of murder, whether he has committed this particular one or not. I am not going to be spoil-sport enough to describe what Synopsis calls "the surprise finish," but the most surprising thing about it is that it is so deadly logical. This is the way things do happen and people do behave.

Director Nicholas Ray is a man with a trick of making small scenes come vividly to life. He has an eye for composition, particularly in close-ups, but he doesn't, as some directors do, concentrate on the leading players to the exclusion of the other people in an incident. A coloured woman is singing at the piano, for instance, in the foreground; Mr. Ray notes, without fuss but with great accuracy, the behaviour of her listeners. Two of the listeners rise noisily and go out: Mr. Ray notes the faint reaction on the singer's face.

He is tremendously helped in this effect of reality by the precision of his actors, especially the female members of the cast. Even the smallest characters have been studied with care: the detective's kind little mouse of a wife; the daily help, with her vacuum and her eternal cigarette; the brawny masseuse with a mind of her own. Humphrey Bogart, as Steele, is more successful than he has been for many pictures past. But the surprise hit of the film is Laurel, played by a young actress named Gloria Graham, whom I don't recall having seen in a big part before. This girl with the surprised eyebrows and the heart-shaped face is a great discovery. She seems to be full of intelligence; her voice is individual; and her looks are wonderfully intriguing. I hope we shall be seeing a lot more of her in films to come.

"THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD."

In *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad*, or, in the order preferred for this country, the adventures of Mr. Toad and Ichabod, Walt Disney has brushed off a couple of literary classics in a single feature film, without bothering to establish any connection between them; other than to suggest that both Ichabod Crane and Mr. Toad are "fabulous characters," and can be had in uniform bindings (remarkably unthumbed, I thought) in all the best libraries.

Washington Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is not much read over here, I fancy, and I rather doubt whether the film will send many English customers rushing to secure copies. This tale of a gangling schoolmaster hunted through the forest by a Headless Horseman is deft but not endearing. Hilarity and horror travel side by side, and the story would seem to illustrate Disney's growing propensity for making his characters in some way grotesque or ugly.

The adventures of Toad, Water-Rat, Mole and Badger, not to mention the faithful grey horse who draws the caravan, are, on the other hand, familiar matter. We know all about them from *Toad of Toad Hall*, even if we have never read *The Wind in the Willows*. Mr. Disney seems to me far more successful with Kenneth Grahame's characters than he is with Washington Irving's. To be sure, he takes the unpardonable liberty of naming his stout nag "Cyril," and turning him from a pantomime horse into something resembling a pantomime dame. To be sure, the full magic of the river-bank eludes him, and he has resisted, with what looks like almost perverse austerity, the chance to grace his picture with those affectionate sketches of wood and meadow life we used to find so cajoling. His characters are nearly caricatures, in a sense that Kenneth Grahame's kindly fantasy neither hinted at nor intended.

Nevertheless, Disney's "Toad" is a good try at catching the slippery spirit of an evasive story. It is resolutely English, with a fair commentary fairly spoken by Basil Rathbone, and much of the animation is both ingenious and gay.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"THE CAPTURE."—Flashback story of a confession made to a Mexican priest by a wounded American fugitive, in the last hours before his arrest for murder. A well-written piece, leisurely but distinctly shapely, with an appealing performance from a small boy, Jimmy Hunt. Lew Ayres and Teresa Wright have the leads.

"WABASH AVENUE."—Technicolor musical set in the days of the Chicago World's Fair, with Betty Grable as a saloon singer who eventually arrives on Broadway, thanks to the cultural offices of Victor Mature, a few spangles, and an anachronistic pair of nylons.

"AMBUSH."—Another clash between the Indians and the U.S. Cavalry, reminiscent of *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, but not nearly as effective as the John Ford picture. A Western doesn't seem quite the right place to encounter Robert Taylor and John Hodiak.

"PRIDE OF KENTUCKY."—The story of *Seabiscuit*, America's great race-horse, handicapped by a trivial romance between his jockey (Lon McCallister) and his trainer's niece (Shirley Temple). Barry Fitzgerald is credible as the Irish trainer, but the story doesn't *have* to be seen to be believed.

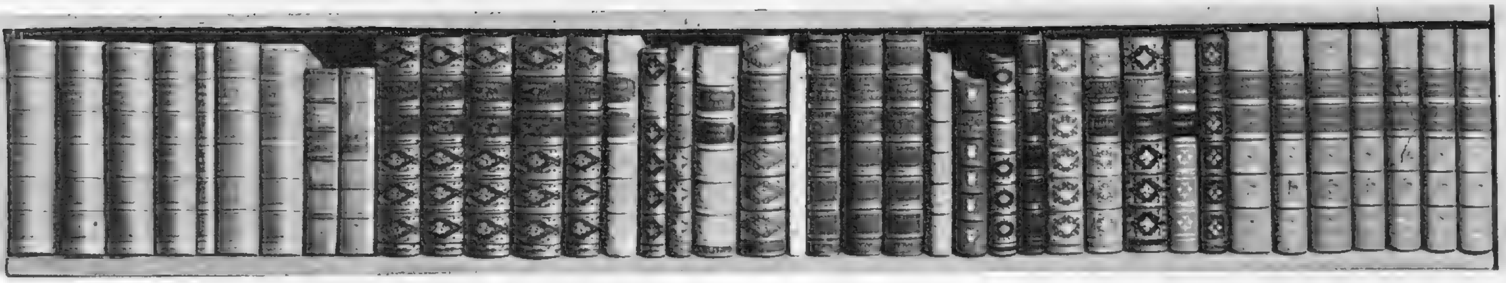
Clive Morton and Nigel Patrick in a scene from *Mr. Knowall,* in which Nigel Patrick takes the title rôle.

In a scene from *Sanatorium* (left to right, standing) Michael Rennie, André Morell and Roland Culver watch Finlay Currie playing a grand slam doubled.

. . . AND PREVIEWS

"TRIO" is composed of three famous short stories by Somerset Maugham—*Sanatorium, The Verger,* and *Mr. Knowall.* These episodes span the first half of the twentieth century, taking place in 1909, 1926 and the present day. The principal stars are Jean Simmons, Roland Culver, Michael Rennie, Anne Crawford, Nigel Patrick, Naunton Wayne and Kathleen Harrison. The film is due to be shown at Leicester Square Theatre on August 3.

A scene from *The Verger,* with (left to right) Kathleen Harrison, Lana Morris, Glyn Houston, and James Hayter who plays the name-part.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE ISLE OF UNWISDOM.
By Robert Graves.
(Cassell ; 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of a voyage from Lima to the Solomon Islands undertaken by General Alvaro de Mendana in 1595. It is told by his secretary, and is a precise, circumstantial day-to-day account of the voyage and the men and women who made it. This means that instead of the arbitrary rise and fall of a novelist's plotting, it keeps a level of incident such as might be found in a ship's log. Murder, treachery, violence, may be dealt with in a paragraph, and there is no climax or dénouement to the tale. But there is compensation in the quite extraordinary realism which this induces. The reader is made to feel that the author knows exactly what it was like to be on an early voyage of exploration, not only because Mr. Graves has obviously made vast researches and reproduces every detail conscientiously, but because there is a confidence, a poetic certainty in his telling of the story which wholly convinces us.

It is a blood-stained record of the most inhuman actions, the most petty and yet lethal jealousies, and, for the most part, of greedy and stupid people. Yet since each new violent death of a Spaniard or wanton killing of a few score natives is chronicled quietly by the little secretary, the book escapes the danger of being wilfully or unnecessarily brutal. Among the adventurers are a few good and simple people, but the woman who gets command of the expedition, the handsome and vicious Doña Ysabel, is a villainess on the grand scale, while her brothers are a pair of selfish blackguards whose only merit is their loyalty to their sister. It is a good many years since a novelist has created a Jezebel as uncompromisingly blasé as this one, and one thinks at once of Lady Macbeth. The whole record is one not to be missed —racy, coarse at times, it has flashes of exotic beauty and loud humour ; a masterly and absorbing book.

★

UNCLE SAMSON.
By Beverley Nichols. *(Evans ; 12s. 6d.)*

IT is not easy for an English writer to keep his head when discussing either the United States or Russia just now, and there have been a number of distorted accounts published of both countries. Mr. Nichols stands cool amid the roaring imbecilities of American religious and social life and recounts his experiences with good humour, shrewd understanding and creditable tolerance. He is perhaps at his best when he is visiting the strongholds of some of the more lurid of American religions, such as the lonely valley in the mountains of Colorado which has been chosen by a certain Dr. Doreal for his Shamballa Ashrama, a place which will escape the atomic destruction of the world. Dr. Doreal gets his information from the inhabitants of " a white-metal temple suspended seventy-five miles beneath Tibet," and several hundred Americans are depending on its guidance. There is also a day spent with the followers of Father Divine, who believe that this little Negro in his flashy suit is God himself, and in their thousands accept him as such and thank him for " bringing his beautiful body to earth," for giving Moses the privilege to cross the Red Sea and putting Mr. Truman back in the White House. But Mr. Nichols looks with the same knowing wonder at Reno, at Utah, at Hollywood, at Walt Disney's studio, at the late Aimée Macpherson's temple, at Forest Lawn, which he sees as the original Whispering Glades of *The Loved One*, and describes a great many other anomalies and asides of American life. He hastens to assure us that they are asides and that Americans are still, in their majority, a sane and even amiable people. He himself never misses a trick.

★

Books in Brief

NOTHING.
By Henry Green. *(The Hogarth Press ; 8s. 6d.)*

Mr. Green's work has so many and such intelligent admirers that I feel almost sacrilegious in finding this example of it a trifle—dare one say it ?—silly.

THE BEAUTIFUL VISIT.
By Elizabeth Jane Howard. *(Cape ; 12s. 6d.)*

A delicate and sentimental first novel.

THE GREAT MOGUL.
By Robert Payne. *(Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.)*

A fine swashbuckling story of an Englishman's adventures in India in Elizabethan times. It is told in excited overtones with appropriate rhetoric and lush descriptions, and it drives forward energetically. Of its kind, very good indeed.

THE HIGH PLACE.
By Geoffrey Household. *(Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.)*

A story set in Syria, which both author and publisher call " the Middle East," a wartime misnomer which becomes more irritating as time passes. The staccato prose is well suited to an ironic and rather exciting story.

THE ASPIRIN AGE.
Edited by Isabel Leighton.
(Bodley Head ; 16s.)

IF evidence were needed that the Americans were ready to smile at themselves, it would be in this rich collection of absurdities and headlines which startled them during the years between the wars. Each newspaper sensation is recalled by someone who was connected with it at the time ; thus it is a neighbour of Aimée Semple MacPherson who tells her story, seeing her as " a genuine force for tolerance and brotherhood—as well as a tempestuous, oversexed, and desperately frustrated woman," while it is a former biographer of President Harding who tells the shameful story of corruption and greed which was revealed when Harding died. The Ku Klux Klan is described by a Catholic whose family suffered from it, and Gene Tunney recalls his fights with Dempsey. Phil Stong, a journalist who interviewed Sacco and Vanzetti, comes out flatly on the side of their innocence, and a reporter who was on the case at the time very ably recapitulates the whole story of the Lindbergh baby, and of Lindbergh's own career before and since his flight. We are also given the unpleasant developments in the radio speeches of Father Coughlin, a baffling and well-chosen murder or suicide story, the surroundings of the Dionne quintuplets, the loss by fire of the liner *Morro Castle*, the disturbing story of Huey Long, who made himself undisputed dictator of the State of Louisiana until he was murdered, a graphic piece about a man who committed suicide in New York after standing for a considerable time on a narrow ledge from which he could not be saved, and the almost incredible story of the panic which followed a fictional broadcast about a Martian invasion. A woman journalist's story of *The King and the Girl from Baltimore* is a silly and vulgar piece of writing about the Abdication, from which we learn that Mrs. Simpson's ancestry " considerably excels that of her husband," the latter being referred to here as " Wales." But the collection of articles as a whole was well worth making.

★

A MURDER IS ANNOUNCED.
By Agatha Christie. *(Collins ; 8s. 6d.)*

YES, it 's a vintage Christie. Yes, the murderer's identity remains unguessable to the end. Yes, there are clues and hints which make the reader curse his own stupidity in not perceiving who was guilty. Yes, it 's all smooth and convincing and natural and yet . . . but it is in retrospect only, perhaps, that it seems disappointing. The idea of a pre-announced murder is not an entirely new one, though Mrs. Christie gives it a novel twist. The characters are more like cardboard cut-outs than is justifiable even in a murder mystery, for here again is the old stock retired Colonel " snorting with impatience over an article in *The Times*," and complaining that none of these fellows " knows the first thing about India " ; here is his fulsome and adoring wife ; here are the two poultry-keeping spinsters who address one another as " Hinch " and " Murgatroyd," one wearing corduroy slacks and a battle-dress tunic, the other fat, amiable and meltingly feminine ; here is the garrulous, unselfish Vicar's wife, and here is the impudent modern young man. They are all dragged out of the box to act again as suspects, to live in one of those residential villages in which all the inhabitants know one another and spend their time giving entertainment to the others or exchanging the produce of their gardens—villages which exist only for the purposes of the crime writer. That, I think, could be accepted quite easily, for, as usual, the very homeliness and cosiness of it all are persuasive, but unfortunately I can never believe in little Miss Marple, who solves this crime under the nose of a Scotland Yard man. Yet for those who belong to the chess-problem school of detective-novel readers, who like their problems teasing and yet soluble, it will be a satisfying entertainment.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON IN
Satin Striped Taffeta...
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WHOLESALE COUTURIERS, 19 GROSVENOR STREET · MAYFAIR · W.1

STAGE.—Valerie White, an actress who grows in command with every new part: For her feeling performance of a wife on the edge of divorce in *Background*, at the Westminster Theatre.

J. C. Trewin

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Robert Beatty: For being, as Phillip Odell in "Love from Leighton Buzzard," the best detective on the air.

Frederick Laws

LITERATURE.—Robert Graves (from a painting by Colin Colahan), whose grand historical novel, *The Isles of Unwisdom*, tells the story of a sixteenth-century convoy.

SCREEN.—Gloria Graham, a young actress who gives a shining performance opposite Humphrey Bogart in the thriller, *In a Lonely Place*: good looks, good voice and a laconic style that is curiously fascinating.

C A Lejeune

THE

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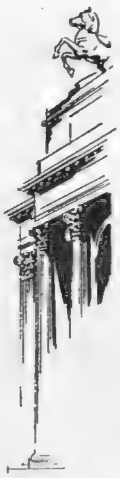

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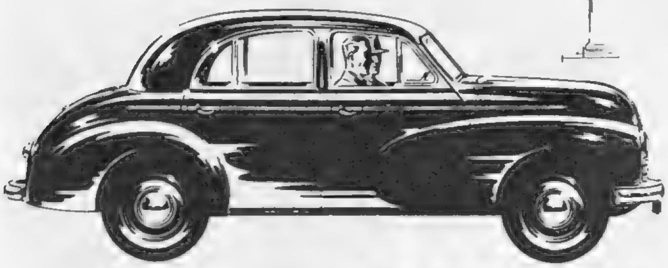

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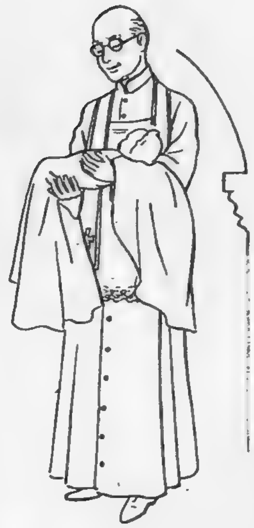

How right that the first gift of all in the life of a child should possess intrinsic beauty and lasting value. Many charming ideas will be found at our Showrooms. The four suggestions illustrated are as follows: Sterling-Silver: Bowl with Ride-a-cock-horse handles £12.15.0 including spoon. Child's Mug £8.10.0. Chubby size Spoon and Fork in case £3.15.0 Knife, Fork and Spoon in case (Stainless blade to Knife) £7.10.0

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A Cool Clear Skin
Light Natural Make-up

For summer coolness, Elizabeth Arden's dusting powder in her elusive, ever-popular "Blue Grass" perfume . . . Flower Mist toilet water, for after-the-bath freshness, is also scented to match.

Especially suitable for summer are these two Charles of the Ritz preparations. Feather Touch Cleanser—velvet-smooth, needing only the lightest touch to apply—combined with skin freshener, gives the skin a clean, cool texture for make-up.

Max Factor's colour harmony make-up in many shades and for all types of skin . . . not forgetting the cooling, "freshener" to prepare the skin beforehand.

Skin Perfume, modern version of the old-fashioned toilet water, is made by Cyclax in three summery fragrances . . . Gay Morning, Garland Flower, and Sandalwood.

. . . a FLOWER

Perfume which will blend with the scent of summer flowers

Perfumed eau de Cologne by Dana . . . their "Canoe" is freshly fragrant, particularly in keeping with summer and the open-air.

"Femme," first and best-known of Marcel Rochas' perfumes, has a base of flowers and sandalwood with a sophisticated overtone . . . the four others which make up the range are Mousseline, Mouche, La Rose and Moutache.

"Vivre," a summer perfume by Molyneux with the fragrance of white flowers . . . others from this famous house include "Chic," "Numero Cinq" and "Magnificence."

"Miss Dior," luxury perfume designed by the famous Paris dressmaker . . . now available in handbag size (28s. 9d.) as shown above.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Alastair Hugh FRASER, M.C., son of the late Major the Hon. A. J. Fraser, of Lovat, and of Lady Sibyl Fraser, of Moniack Castle, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire, and Philippa Margaret, daughter of Sir Anselm and Lady GUISE, of Elmore Court, Gloucester.

Henry, son of General Sir Reginald and Lady HILLYARD, of South Hartfield House, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex, and Jacqueline, daughter of the late Captain A. S. BELMONT, and of the Hon. Mrs. Boileau, of Copfield House, Sealand Road, Chester.

Geoffrey Farrer, son of Sir John and Lady KENNEDY, of Shalford, Surrey, and Daphne, daughter of the late Mr. Graham SUMMERSELL and Mrs. Summersell, of Little Orchard, Oxshott, Surrey.

John Harmar, son of Sir Adrian and Lady MOTT, 20, Charlbury Road, Oxford, and Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh CARSON, 21, St. Mary's Road, Harborne, Birmingham.

The Hon. Henry Anthony FIELDING, son of the late Viscount and Viscountess Fielding, and Dunia Maureen, daughter of the late Gordon SPENCER, M.D., and of Mrs. Spencer, of Putley, Ledbury, Herefordshire.

Christopher, son of the late Major Sir Thomas Selby LAWSON-TANCRED, Bt., and of Lady Lawson-Tancred, of Aldborough Manor, Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, and Cerise Eyre Campbell, daughter of Sir Hugh BEAVER, of Luxford, Crowborough, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Beaver.

William Ralph, son of Sir Thomas and Lady MERTON, of Stubbings House, Maidenhead, and Anthea Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Francis LASCELLES, and of Mrs. Lascelles, 17, Argyll Mansions, Chelsea.

Stephen Charles de Lancey, son of Sir Walter and Lady AITCHISON, of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, and Elizabeth Anne Milburn, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edward REED, of The Cragg, Northumberland.

Brian Harrison, son of Sir Harold and Lady WEBBE, of Merstham, Surrey, and Lois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. CHILES, of Reigate.

SPORT

RACING

June 9, 10. Lingfield Park and Thirsk.
,, 10, 12. Worcester.
,, 13-17. Royal Ascot.
,, 17, 19. Ayr.
,, 19, 20. Folkestone.
,, 20-22. Newcastle.

GENERAL SPORT

ATHLETICS: L.A.C. Inter-Club Relays at the White City, June 10; Kinnaird Meeting at Chiswick, June 17.

CRICKET: M.C.C. *v.* Oxford Univ. at Lord's, June 14-17; England *v.* West Indies (first Test Match—five days) at Manchester, from June 8.

CAR RACING: Rally Gastronomique 1950 from Dijon on June 9; Isle of Man Road Races, June 22.

FENCING: Individual Amateur-Professional Sabre Comp. (Lacroix Cup), Paris, June 18; the "Evill" Cup for Épée, at Hurlingham, June 10; Épée Club *v.* Combined Services, at Hurlingham, June 18.

GOLF: Scottish Ladies' Championships at St. Andrews, June 10-16; North Wales Championships at Caernarvonshire June 14-17; Lucifer G.S. Empire Gathering, finals, Walton Heath, June 22-23.

HORSE SHOWS: Richmond Royal Horse Show from June 8-10; National Hackney Show at Bognor Regis, June 21-24.

LAWN TENNIS: London Grass Court Championships at Queen's Club from June 12-17; All-England Championships at Wimbledon, June 26-July 8.

YACHTING: Christchurch Ledge Race at Yarmouth on June 24.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Favourites

"Oklahoma!" . . . . . Stoll.
"Traveller's Joy" . . . Criterion.
"The Heiress" . . . . Haymarket.
"Harvey" . . . . . . Piccadilly.
"Brigadoon" . . . . His Majesty's.
"Worm's Eye View" . . Whitehall.
"Beaux' Stratagem" . . . . Lyric.
"King's Rhapsody" . . . . Palace.
"Treasure Hunt" . . . . Apollo.
"Castle in the Air" . . . . Savoy.
"On Monday Next" . . . Comedy.
"Venus Observed" . . St. James's.
"Ring Round the Moon" . Globe.
"Latin Quarter" . . . . Casino.
"Folies Bergère" . . Hippodrome.
"A Lady Mislaid" . . St. Martin's.
"A Streetcar Named Desire" . . . Aldwych.
"The Way Things Go" . . Phœnix.
"Mr. Gillie" . . . . Garrick.
"The Holly and the Ivy" . Duchess.
"Home at Seven" . . Wyndham's.
"Fallen Angels" . . Ambassadors.
"The Cocktail Party" . . . New.
"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" . . . Strand.

Newcomers

"Carousel" (Drury Lane)—Broadway musical success, with Iva Withers, Stephen Douglass, Eric Mattson, and an Agnes de Mille ballet.

"Macbeth" (Arts)—with Alec Clunes and Margaret Rawlings.

"How I Wonder" (Fortune)—play by Donald Ogden Stewart, with Elizabeth Allen, Walter Chisholm and Julian Somers. June 12.

"Golden City" (Adelphi)—musical romance of South Africa in 1880. June 15.

"The Merchant of Venice" (Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre). June 19.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. June 8.

London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. A Beethoven programme. June 11.

Organ Recital by Marcel Dupre of works by Bach. June 12.

Violin Recital by Yehudi Menuhin with Gerald Moore at the piano. June 15.

Free Church Choir Union with Heddle Nash and choir of 1000 voices, conducted by Ernest Read. June 17.

London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon on June 18.

London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Victor Olof. A concert specially arranged for young people. June 20.

OPERA

At Covent Garden: Wagner Season from June 8 to July 1 includes two cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

At Sadler's Wells: D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

BALLET

At Covent Garden: The Sadler's Wells ballet season continues, but no matinée performances on June 10 and 17. "Dante Sonata" will be revived on June 20.

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet will appear at Theatre Royal, Norwich, from June 12; Theatre Royal, Brighton, from June 19.

ART

Burlington House: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

Victoria and Albert Museum: "English Decorative Art, 1660-1750."

Guildhall: Accession to the Guildhall Art Gallery Permanent Collection 1940-1949. From June 12.

Pastels, paintings and sculpture by Degas at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, until June 24.

Paintings by Bonnard, at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1.

Society of Women Artists' Exhibition at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, from June 12.

Portraits of Children at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street.

Pietro Annigoni at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street.

Paintings by Ceri Richards, Bryan Wynter and Kenneth Wood at Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1.

SOCIAL

May Week Dances at Cambridge:

Clare College Ball on June 12.
First and Third Trinity Ball on June 12.
King's College Ball on June 14.

Commemoration Balls at Oxford:

Magdalen College Ball on June 19.
St. John's College Ball on June 20.
Oriel College Ball on June 21.
Worcester College Ball on June 21.
Hertford College Ball on June 22.
New College Ball on June 23.

Other Dances:

The Guards Boat Club Ascot Ball will be held on June 14.

The Royal and Merchant Navy Ball, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, at the Dorchester on June 20.

A Ball in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign at the Dorchester on June 22. Princess Margaret will be present.

CEREMONY

The King attends the ceremony of Trooping the Colour at Horse Guards Parade on June 8. On June 10 the Queen attends a display by the Girls' Friendly Society at Royal Albert Hall. From June 13-16 the King and Queen attend the races at Ascot. On June 20 they will be present at an evening party at Hertford House; on the same day the Queen visits Leatherhead to open a new hospital for disabled women.

Princess Margaret visits Sir Beechcroft Towse Memorial Sunshine Home at East Grinstead, on June 20.

The Duchess of Kent opens the tenth Antique Dealers Fair at Grosvenor House on June 8.

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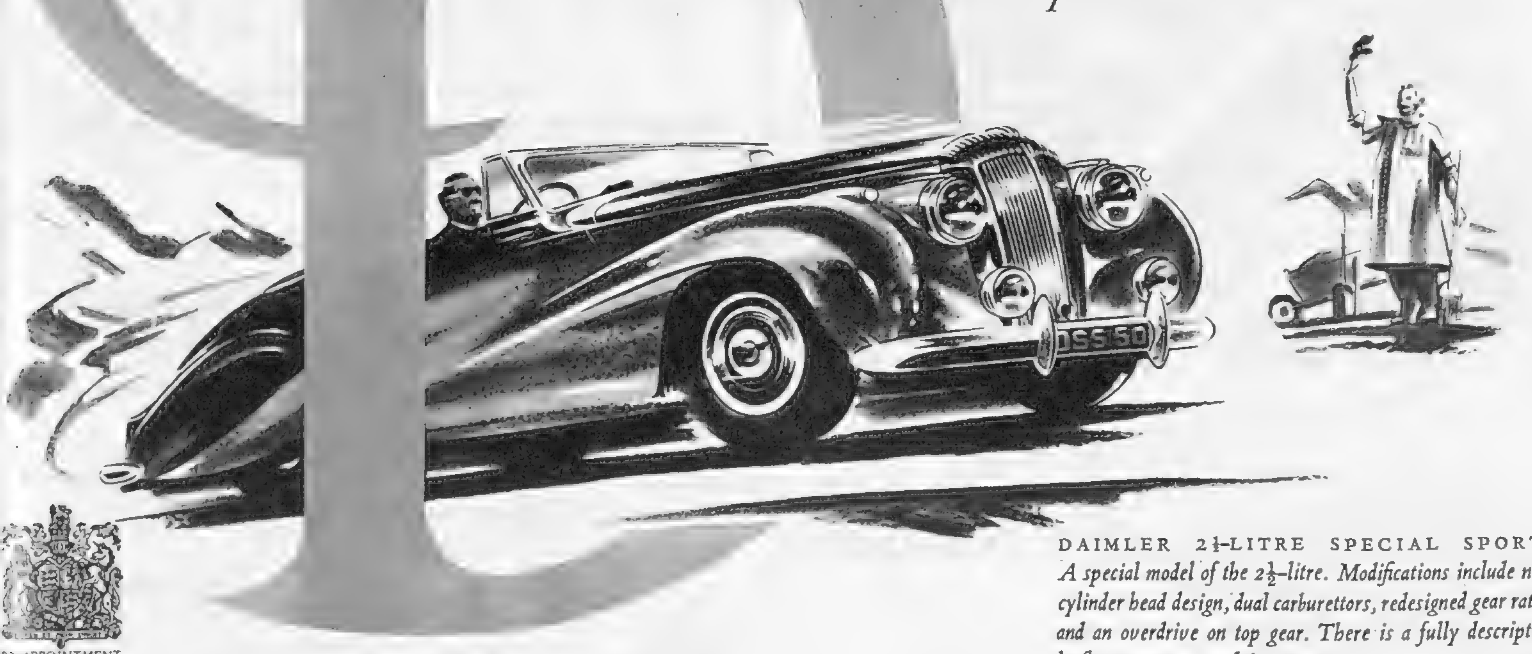

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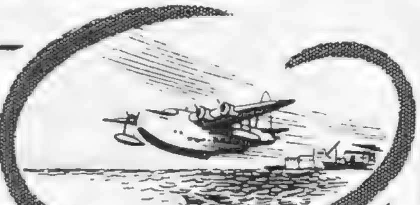

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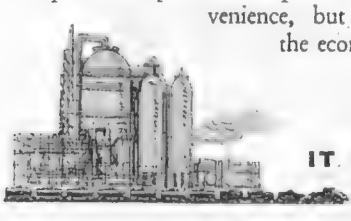

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25th-26th	Tennis and Golf Competitions between British and French M.P.s.
27th-31st	Tennis : Galea Cup Tournament.
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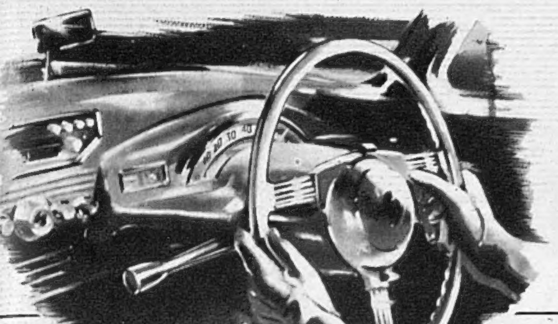

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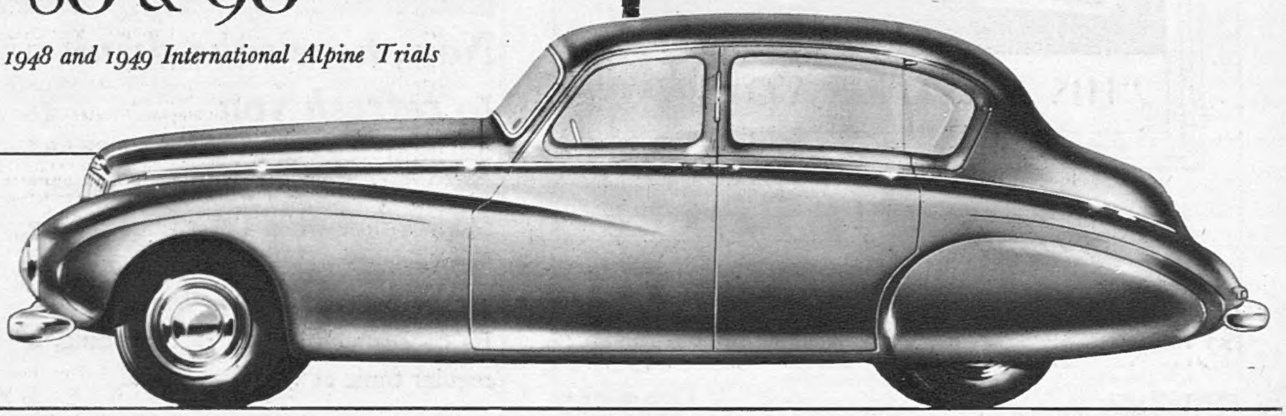

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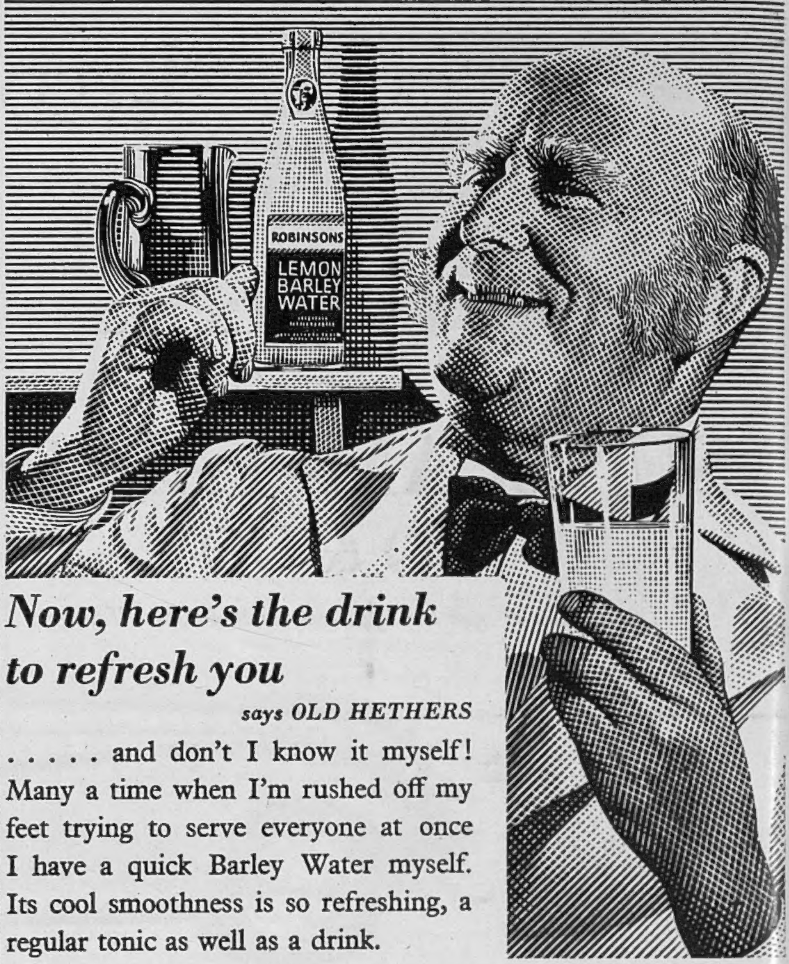

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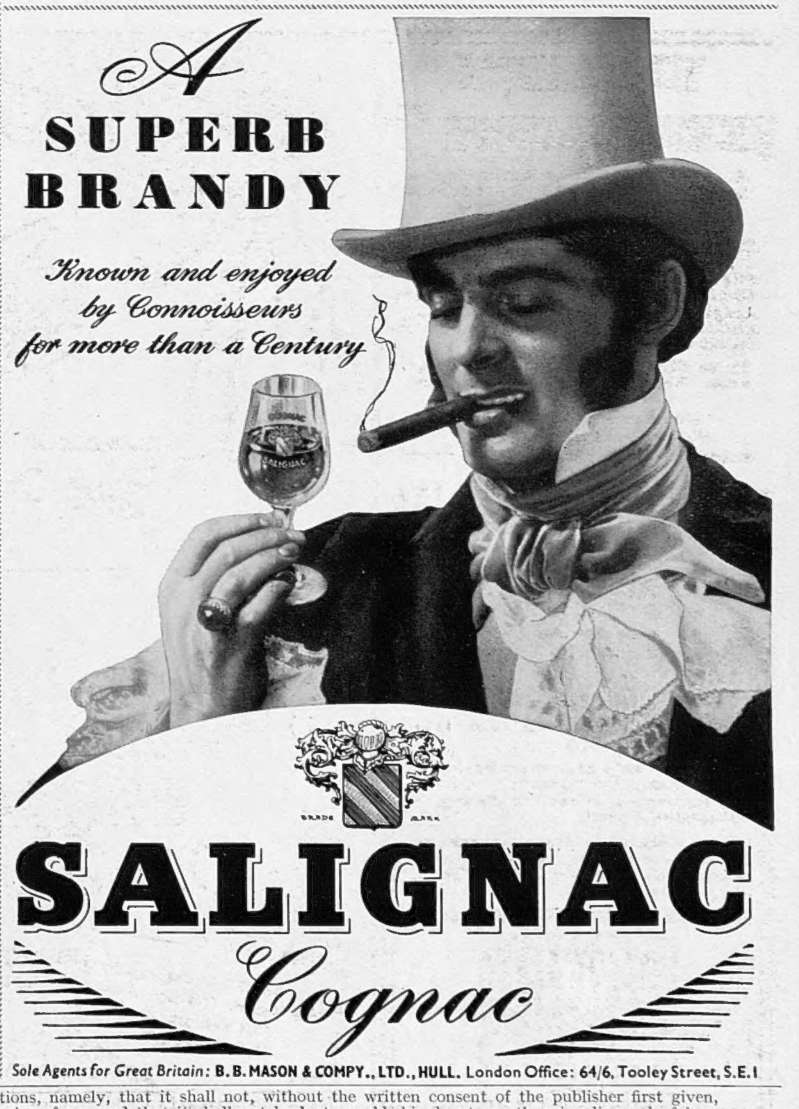

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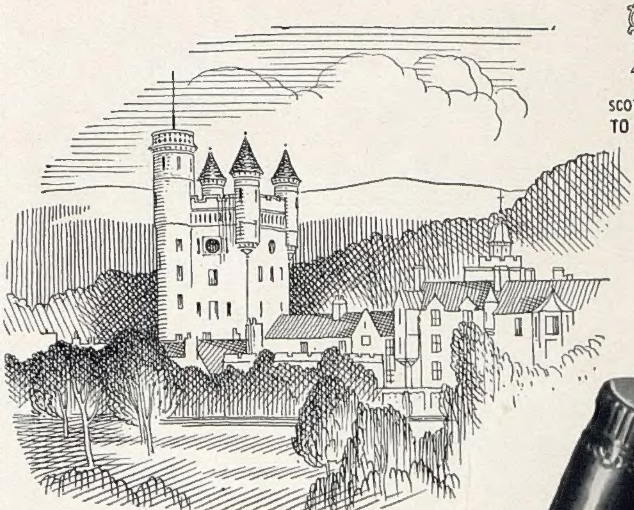

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